

And not vpon your Maid.

Lu. What is't that you

Tooke vp so gingerly?

Lu. Nothing.

Lu. Why didst thou stoope then?

Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.

Lu. And is that paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me.

Lu. Then let it lye, for those that it concerns.

Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,

Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter.

Lu. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.

Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:

Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set

Lu. As little by such toys, as may be possible:

Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Loue*.

Lu. It is too heauy for so light a tune.

Lu. Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?

Lu. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach so high.

Lu. Let's see your Song:

How now Minion?

Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:

And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.

Lu. You doe not?

Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.

Lu. You (Minion) are too faucie.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;

And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:

There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.

Lu. The meane is dround with you vnuly bafe.

Lu. Indeepe I bid the bafe for *Prothem*.

Lu. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;

Here is a coile with protestation:

Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:

You would be fingring them, to anger me.

Lu. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd

To be so angred with another Letter.

Lu. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:

Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words;

Inurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony,

And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings;

He kisse each feuerall paper, for amends:

Looke, here is writ, kinde *Julia*: vnkinde *Julia*,

As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruizing-stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ, *Loue wounded Prothem*.

Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a soueraigne kisse.

But twice, or thrice, was *Prothem* written downe:

Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,

Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,

Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare

Vnto a ragged, searefull, hanging Rocke,

And throw it thence into the raging Sea.

Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:

Poore forlorne *Prothem*, passionate *Prothem*:

To the sweet *Julia*: that ile teare away:

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it, to his complaining Names;

Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;

Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies.

Lu. Well, let vs goe.

Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?

Lu. If you respect them; best to take them vp.

Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.

Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

Lu. I see you haue a months minde to them.

Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;

I see things too, although you iudge I winke.

Lu. Come, come, wilt please you goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthimo, *Prothem*.

Ant. Tell me *Panthimo*, what sad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Prothem*, your Sonne.

Ant. Why? what of him?

Pan. He wondred that your Lordship

Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,

While other men, of slender reputation

Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out.

Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discover Islands farre away:

Some, to the studious Vniuersities;

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said, that *Prothem*, your sonne, was meet;

And did request me, to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home;

Which would be great impeachment to his age,

In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that

Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.

I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being tryed, and tutord in the world:

Experience is by industry atchieu'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time:

Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?

Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant

How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,

Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him

There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;

Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with Noble-men,

And be in eye of euery Exercise

Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd:

And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make knowne;

Euen with the speediest expedition,

I will dispatch him to the Emperours Court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,

With other Gentlemen of good esteeme

Are iourning, to salute the Emperour,

And to commend their seruice to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Prothem* go:

And in good time: now will we breake with him.

Pro. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for loue, her honors paunc;

O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
To scale our happinesse with their consents.

Pro. Oh heavenly *Julia*,

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two

Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;

Deliver'd by a friend, that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.

Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes

How happily he lues, how well-belou'd,

And daily graced by the Emperour;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,

And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:

Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed;

For what I will, I will, and there an end:

I am resolu'd, that thou shalt spend some time

With *Valentine*, in the Emperours Court:

What maintenance he from his friends receiues,

Like exhibition thou shalt haue from me,

To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,

Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soone provided,

Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:

No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;

Come on *Panthimo*; you shall be imployd,

To hasten on his Expedition.

Pro. Thus haue I shund the fire, for feare of burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I fear'd to shew my Father *Julius* Letter,

Least he should take exceptions to my loue,

And with the vantage of mine owne excuse

Hath he excepted most against my loue.

Oh, how this spring of loue resembleth

The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,

Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,

And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Pan. Sir *Prothem*, your Fathers call's for you,

He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,

And yet a thousand times it answer's no.

Exeunt. Finis.

Actus secundus: Scena Prima.

Enter *Valentine*, *Speed*, *Silvia*.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.

Val. Not mine: my Gloues are on.

Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.

Val. Ha? Let me see: I, giue it me, it's mine:

Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,

Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia*.

Speed. Madam *Silvia*: Madam *Silvia*.

Val. How now *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship sir, or else I mistooke.

Val. Well: you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Goe to, sir, tell

Speed. Shee that your

Val. Why, how know

Speed. Marry by these

learn'd (like Sir *Prothem*)

Male-content: to relish

breast: to walke alone li

to sigh, like a Schoole-b

weep like a yong wench

to fast, like one that take

feares robbing: to speake

low-Masse: You were wo

like a cocke; when you w

Lions: when you fasted

when you look'd sadly, it

now you are Metamorph

looke on you, I can hard

Val. Are all these thin

Speed. They are all per

Val. Without me? the

Speed. Without you? na

our you were so simple,

so without these follies, th

and shine through you like

not an eye that sees you, I

on your Malady.

Val. But tell me: do'st th

Speed. Shee that you g

Val. Hast thou obseru

Speed. Why sir, I know

Val. Do'st thou know

yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-f

Val. Not so faire (boy)

Speed. Sir, I know that w

Val. What dost thou k

Speed. That shee is not

would?

Val. I meane that her b

But her fauour infinite.

Speed. That's because th

ther out of all count.

Val. How painted? and

Speed. Marry sir, so pain

man counts of her beauty:

Val. How esteem'st thou

Speed. You neuer saw her

Val. How long hath sh

Speed. Euer since you lou

Val. I haue lou'd her ou

And still I see her beautif

Speed. If you loue her, yo

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Loue is b

eyes, or your owne eyes h

to haue, when you chidde a

garter'd.

Val. What should I see

Speed. Your owne prefer

formitie: for hee beeing in

his hose; and you, beeing in

your hose.

Val. Belike (boy) then y

You could not see to wipe

Speed. True sir: I was in

you, you swing'd me for my